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THE WIDOW OF TOLEDO.

A TALE OF

"LOW BIRTH AND IRON FORTUNE."

BY DR. S. F. HUDSON.

CHAPTER I.

THE RIPPLED MARQUIS.

"I say I will, consul!" cried the young Marquis de Serbano, to his companion, the Count de Pizzo, as they walked along the Plaza Real—the grand square, or lounging ground in the good old city of Toledo. The marquis was in his five-and-twentieth year; as only son and very grand, very wealthy, very rich, and, from boyhood up, very much accustomed to have his own way.

The count, his companion, was a bachelor, nearer thirty than thirty-five, with a bold, commanding air, a moderately good-looking face, of somewhat fat tum, and with a fair reputation as a soldier, having had the honor, with a small handful of men, of thrice rousing the standard of his native city, in a single battle, from the Moors. He was a haughty, carolen, good-humored gentleman, with no particular object in life except to amuse himself, and was withal, partly from nature and partly from caprimoz, somewhat of a philosopher.

"I say I will, consul!" cried the marquis, who, as his reader will readily understand, was considerably excited. "I will call him out and run him through. My honor demands it!"

The count laughingly replied to his shoulders.

"O, if your honor demands it," he returned, "I have nothing more to say. Still, I would like to urge one little thought for your consideration."

"What is it?" asked the marquis.

"This: What if Juan, who, as I can testify,—for he gave me a sword-thrust once for treading luxuriously on his shadow!—is what if Juan, I say, who wields as dexterous a rapier as any man in Toledo——"

"Except Leon, the fair widow's secretary," interrupted the marquis.

"Of course—always excepting Leon," laughed the count. "But what if Juan should refuse to be run through? He is proud, and, if you will take pains to remember, not over apt to follow any man's bidding. He is impulsive, high-spirited, heroic rather than new counsel, is wiry, supple and quick of eye and hand. As for myself, though I have seen some service, and am considered to possess some skill in the use of the sword, I should be careful to fee a good fat stomach for my sword ere I voluntarily went out to match my blade with Juan's!"

"But my honor demands it!" repeated the marquis, upon whom the gentle admonition had no effect.

"Fiddle-de-dee!" cried the count. "It does no such thing. Juan, on discovering you in the widow's, would ask you, as any man naturally would on perceiving that he has a rival; and you—you scowled back with interest, and there the matter long and the short of it. If any one has a right to complain, it is the widow herself, who was doubtless rendered miserable by the entrance of a second suitor while no one was doing its best to make himself agreeable. If I had been in her place, I would have dismissed you both!"

"You may jest as much as you please, count; but I still insist that Juan had no business there, and his rashness must be punished, and I am in Spaniard if I do not call him out."

"No business there!" repeated the count. "You are certainly amusing! Why, man, the widow's hand is not yet won, or why is every second caballero in Toledo not confident of success? She is ultimately possess it! Fiddle-de-dee! I'll wager a hundred pistoles to a maravedi that you are no more sure of her than I am; another hundred to a farthing that neither of the two is sure of either of the young butterflies that buzz around her now and still another hundred that she has never favored one of them with even a look more than I have. Will you take me up?"

"I am in no humor for betting!" returned the marquis. "Juan must meet me!"

"O, you just now said the widow's twice," laughed the count. "But, seriously, now—you would not fight a man about a woman who would consider it a blessed favor if you would run your sword—Juan and yourself amongst them—would only kill each other, and thereby relieve her of their importunities?"

"You cannot alter my determination, count! I shall fight him!"

"With all my heart, Carlos. But——"

"Why do you pause?" asked the marquis.

"I have another thought. Suppose Juan, as in my opinion, is not at all unlikely, should kill you—what will be the value of your chances with the widow then?"

"I will admit no such possibility," returned the marquis. "I carry as good a rapier as his, and know the use of it well."

"Doubtless. But suppose he should?" persisted the count, with a knowing look. "Would it not be a point gained with the widow, who, though she may care but little for him now, could not then very well refuse to regard with favor the man who, as he would doubtless inform her, had risked his life in defense of her fair fame? If you ever hope to win the heart, the hand, or the revenues of the fair widow, you must live—not die!"

"You appear to regard it as a settled thing that Juan will come off victor," observed the marquis, testily.

"If you fight—you" returned the count. "He is the better swordsman of the two. That is the way we argue in the army."

THE MAN IN GRAY AND THE BARON OF TOLEDO.

"No matter!" said the marquis, proudly. "I will fight him!"

"Bye you do," said the count, as they approached a noted tavern, the resort of the "fast" caballeros of the day, "let's in to 'the Lodge of our Blessed Lady,' and try a flagon of Cadiz. Since nothing I can say will drive this thought out of your head, let's see if the generous grape will not be more successful."

The count, followed by his companion, pushed his way through the garden, which fairly bummed with the voices of a gay throng, to an encumpled table near the fountain, and after giving an order for two flagons of his favorite "Cadiz," he ran his clear dark eye rapidly around to observe his immediate neighbors, and perceiving an old acquaintance smoking a cigarette in a brown study, and occasionally moistening his lips with a measure of wine, he smilingly, muttered—

"Poor Lopez! he is meditating upon the lecture that awaits him from the gray mare, and wishing himself a free cavalier once more!" then turned to the marquis, he observed.—"If you only knew, Scribano, what an ass you are about to make of yourself. Tut, tut! don't draw yourself up, as if you purposed serving me as you design to do with Juan. I intend no offense; but I do mean just what I say! If," placing his right foot across his knee, and playfully nursing it with his hand, "you could but look into the future, and see what a brood of cares, anxieties, and domestic miseries a matrimony will hatch for your special accommodation, you would not be so eager to tie yourself to any woman, least of all, to a widow; for widows, having exhausted all of love's romance in their first marriage, are perfect tartars in the second. Look at that poor devil at the second next table, and tell me if you have ever seen a woe-begone a face! He looks as if he would hang himself for a mercenary!"

"The Don Lopez!" exclaimed the marquis, in astonishment. "He appears ten years older at least than when I left Toledo!"

"Of course he does," said the count. "But that comes of his marrying a widow. If he had followed my advice, and steered clear of matrimony, he would be as happy to-day as of yore. But, no; he was infatuated by the widow, who, like all of her kind, understood the art of angling for gudgeons, and landed him high and dry ere he could look at him!"

"He seems sorrowful," remarked the marquis.

"Seems! He is! Such another lugubrious soul lives not in Toledo. And well he may be; for he is the hapless husband of a widow, and the terror of himself, the household, and the neighborhood. Poor fellow! he is dying by inches under the murderous fusillade of her perpetually clattering tongue. He will be found dead, some fine morning, and the coroner's inquest will be 'Died of marrying a widow!'"

"Are they such dreadful creatures, then?" asked the marquis, smiling.

"All women are bad—but widows are horrible," answered the count, taking a draught from the flagon which the attendant had just placed before him. "Ah, ha! that's capital 'Cadiz!' When I was in the wars, one of them, who followed the camp, singled for and captured a Moorish widow, who never told another joke, and who drowned herself in tears in the crowd with a sharpness that caused many to shrink back with every nerve on edge."

"Again?" said the shrike, with an air of ludicrous authority.

The throng looked at one another, as if wondering what the result would be.

The signal-shout, hoped not, immediately after, the marquis beheld his friend, the count, looking down upon the ground with an expression of mingled pain, astonishment, and uneasiness.

"The matter?" he asked.

"I think I have lost a tooth!" was the reply.

A loud laugh from those around testified to their appreciation of the jest, although the count did not appear to be aware that he had perpetrated one.

"Again?" said the crier, pompously, and with a severe frown at the laughing group near the fountain.

The signaall, glancing threateningly in the same direction, raised the trumpet to his mouth with an air that promised to split them to their brains.

The count, standing up on his chair, instinctively closed his ears with his fingers; an example that was immediately followed by nearly all around him, many drawing back and bending aside their heads, as if to avoid the deafening peal of a thunder clap.

The peal that followed from the vengeful signal-air justified the precaution of the count as well as that of his imitators; for it caused the marquis and several others to reel backward as if stunned by a sharp, pointed discord, while the ground beyond burst forth into angry ejaculations.

Upon observing the effect of the blast upon those near the fountain, the signaall, regardless of the imprecations that were being showered upon him from all parts of the garden, indulged himself with a smile of gratified triumph, and then calmly lowered the trumpet to his side as before, and stood immovable as a statue.

The crier, unfolding a roll of parchment, from which dangled a large circular blue seal, held it up, and, fixing his eyes menacingly on the astounding count, cried aloud in his whoop tone, which was scarcely heard through the din:

"Don Lopez, hear; all ye people! In the name of his most Catholic Majesty, Charles the Second, by the grace of God and the Spanish Monarchy, King of Spain, give audience!"

"In the name of the King!" shouted the signaall with the trumpet, in a voice of thunder.

Every voice was hushed and every leaf still, as in a tomb!

The signaall smiled triumphantly again, and glanced at the crier to proceed.

The latter cleared his throat, with an air of importance that provoked a general smile, and then read as follows:

"Whereas it has been represented to us that Don Lopez, who has been for some time in the service of the King, and who has done good city of Toledo, this is to inform all to whom this, our proclamation may concern, that the said Don Lopez is exempted of his abiding place shall ever hereafter serve in the reign of the city tribunal, who is hereby charged to see the same duly executed, and that no person or persons, to whom this proclamation shall come, be aware of the abiding place of the said Don Lopez, do, upon and shall withhold his knowledge of the same from the other aforesaid, such person or persons shall be or they may possess to the crown and his or their bodies be publicly burnt in the market place. Signed with our hand and sealed with our most royal seal.

"Given at Toledo, this 7th day of June, 1620."

Having finished the reading of this epistle to the Toledans, the crier, throwing up his shirt, and round arm, shouted "Long live the King!" and then, followed by the signaalls, stepped solemnly down from the table, and, with a ludicrous air of assumed dignity, took his departure.

As he disappeared, the spectators breathed free and resumed their seats and wine; and one long the atmosphere was so heavy with the buzzing murmur of their voices as before.

"Don Garcia de Vega," said the marquis to his companion, who was looking down musingly, "he was he?"

"I am trying to think," answered the count; "but for the life of me, I cannot. The name is floating dimly in my memory, like a wrecked ship on the sea; but I am unable to make out when, where, or under what circumstances I first heard of it. It seems to me as if it belongs to one who made a noise in political circles a long time ago, but I am not sure!"

"Let me enlighten you, gentlemen," said a voice near them.

It was that of a personage at an adjoining table, whom the count and marquis recognized as the city recorder's clerk.

"Don Garcia de Vega," he said, approaching them, "was twenty years ago, was one of the King's counsellors, and stood high at court; but having incurred the enmity of Bazalera, the prime minister, whose brother he slew in a duel, he was charged with treason, his estates confiscated, and himself sentenced to the headsman; but, through the instrumentality of friends, he avoided the axe by escaping from prison on the night preceding the day appointed for his execution, taking with him, as was supposed, his wife and babe, since neither could be found after his flight. Public sympathy was with him at the time, as few believed him guilty of the charge on which he was arraigned; most regarding it as trumped-up by the prime-minister to revenge the death of his brother, who, as was reported, had made dishonorable proposals to Don Garcia's wife, who repelled them with the indignation of a virtuous and high-born lady."

"Poor Garcia!" exclaimed the count. "He did right in punishing the impudent rascal; but, by St. Francis! it was a mean act in Ramiro to take so clendious a revenge. If he had been a man, he would have sought satisfaction for his brother's death, steel to steel. The King ought to have kicked him into a kennel!"

"We must not reflect upon the conduct of the King!" remarked the recorder's clerk, with a quiet smile of good-natured warning. "He hath a quick ear, and a long arm!"

"Yes, over twenty years long!" returned the count, alluding to the length of exposure, "but, between ourselves, as individuals, is it not a shame to pursue a poor fellow in this manner? Should not time and absence efface the memory of a man in daily dread of discovery must suffer!—and the loss of his wife, property and position, be sufficient to atone for any fancied wrong to his sovereign, but must the latter hunt him still to destroy if he were a felon?"

"Not so loud!" whispered the clerk, in a friendly tone. "These are not times, nor a public garden the place, for prudent men to speak what they think!"

"I thank you for the caution!" returned the count. "But I still would maintain, before the King himself, that to worry poor Garcia down to his last day, is unworthy——"

"I must not hear this!" interrupted the clerk, good-naturedly. "You are a brave man; but permit me to suggest that there are occasions when discretion is more commendable than valor!"

"I agree with the gentleman," said the marquis. "Come, count, if you have an interest in Garcia, or desire to urge you on, drop your uncalled-for lecture, and finish your 'Cadiz!'"

"The interest in Garcia's affairs!" repeated the count. "The cause of an injured man is every body's interest. But," he added, addressing himself, "as my sympathy will be of no avail to the poor fellow, I'll bottle it up for a more opportune occasion."

"Sensibly said!" remarked the clerk, playfully tapping him on the shoulder with his roll of law in his hand.

As the trio pushed towards the entrance, the marquis suddenly felt a hand grasping him by the shoulder. He turned, and beheld a young cavalier, of about his own age and size, eyeing him sternly.

"Juan de Mendoza!" he exclaimed.

"The same, sir, and at your service!"

"And I care for you. Will it please you to step back a few paces as I can without?"

"With pleasure, Marquis," returned the other, bowing low and waving the fandale, with a sigh, "to be exhausted, passing and haughtily drawing himself up, "my sir!"

"Sir!" said the marquis, "you know the use of the blade as your side, meet me, with your best sword, at day-break to-morrow morning, at the distant tree in the wood behind the convent of St. Clara!"

"I will meet you there!" said Mendoza. "And now, sir, I have a word for you!"

"Say on!" said the marquis, proudly.

"If you have any friends or relatives that you love, take your last look and leave of them ere you meet face-to-sight; for, by the memory of my sire, both of us shall not leave the convent wood alive!"

"Keep your advice, senor, till it is called for. In the meantime, as I desire to know the meaning of this affair, I beg leave to tender you my most profound respects!"

"Senor!" said a light deridre bow, he turned upon his heel and moved away, leaving Mendoza pale with rage.

"Mendoza means mischief!" muttered the latter, gnawing his mustache; "to-morrow morning shall end it!"

Toledo is built upon a rocky hill, nearly environed by the Tagus, and is encompassed by a wall flanked with small towers, built by the Moors. The streets are narrow, and sloping in their descent towards the river with a steepness that renders walking up a task of fatiguing difficulty, and running down a matter of great danger. The summit of the hill is very extensive in breadth, and is by far the fairest portion of the city. There are all the chief public buildings; here the palaces and hanging grounds; and here dwell the noblemen and princely merchants and other opulent citizens of note: the descending streets being left to the humbler classes, who cogent with mingled hatred and envy the habitants of the palaces above them. Behind the palaces, or summit, the dark range of the Toledo mountains throw an imposing back-

ground, through which stretches a long, sinuous band of blood.

On the shoulder of the day of the commencement of this story, the viceroy, a small, slender, elderly personage, whose brow was shrivel by the cares of office, went out, after the siesta, which commenced at two and terminates at four o'clock, during which every body in Toledo is supposed to be sleeping off the heat of the sun, to take his usual quiet evening stroll. His route, this return, was just as the sun was going down, behind the mountain, the horizon, startled by the flapping of the gray hood of a passing friar, was bright and became unmanageable, plunging forward with its disorderly fury and endless confusion, upon the carriage almost in person, pitching the driver headlong to the earth, and whirling the footman down a steep gully, from which he was taken out dead.

On reaching the place, the count held it awaiting with terror-stricken countenance, who were speaking with loud cries in every direction to avoid or approaching carriage, without pause or reflection, borne thunderingly along by two coal black, high-mettled Arabians, whose flashing eyes and blood-red nostrils and foam-rocking sides announced death to whoever crossed their path. On they came, with the fleetness of the wind, their small, light hoofs scarcely seeming to touch the earth, and yet speeding over it with the rapidity of light; their manes waving, their necks arched, and their heads proudly bearing in the air erected air.

"Make way! make way!" shouted the throng, finding to the right and to the left, as the steeds in their wake had passed by, bringing up behind and following after, as they previously had done before.

"Make way—run for your lives!" roared all in advance of the dashing steeds.

Nearer and nearer they approached the haven of the Most Blessed Lady, in which the count stood our friend the count, with his eye set and every nerve ready for a spring the instant they should come up.

On, on they came; and the crowd on either side paused, with mingled interest and anxiety, to observe the effect of the man whose attitude told them he was seriously intent upon making a fight of the gallant couriers.

At length the steeds drew nigh—were within a length of the daring soldier, who sprang, and the next instant lay stunned and bleeding upon the pavement, while the Arabians were in full flight and their rider.

Suddenly a cry of horror rose from the multitude.

Having cleared the place, the couriers were plunging down the steep street leading to the river.

The crowd followed, a few of the more daring in full run, but the major part cautiously as if regardful of danger of speed, and the fear of their carriage, having lost or been precipitated from his box-seat, rolled, helplessly, after the carriage, to the bottom.

The edge of the summit, and that portion of the plain, looking down, became, in a few moments, thick with spectators whose hearts sickened with them as they thought of the fate that awaited the viceroy, whose firm yet gentle rule rendered him dear to every honest and patriotic dweller in the province.

A few moments, and the steeds and carriage would be in the Tagus, and beneath the Beloved beyond human reach!

Suddenly, as if by common consent, the spectators held their breath.

Horses and carriage had reached the foot of the hill, and only a few yards intervened between them and the water's edge. The people were flying in all directions, and the Arabians, blind with wild ire, were rushing forward, with their precious freight, (whose mortal fear had been communicated to his side to side of the vehicle), over the open space, to certain destruction.

An instant, and all would be over. Many, unable to endure the appalling sight, closed their eyes and turned aside their heads.

A moment later, a shot rose upon the air. Looking down, the throng beheld a horseman from a neighboring street, with the rapidity of flight, a solitary horseman, his hair flying far behind him, and his long, dark hair, like his short shoulder-cloak, streaming behind him, spurring to the pace of the flying Arabians, whose swiftness scarcely equalled that of his own gallant steed, who had cut off the lead of the hill together, and only a few yards were suspected between them. But those few yards were every thing. The rider buried his spurs in the flank of his steed, whose sides he urged on with shrill and exciting cries. But in vain; the few yards still stood between him and the Arabians, who, like blinds, were springing to the water.

An instant and they were in, and, amid a cry of horror from the spell-stricken crowd above and below, horses and carriage went under beneath the glittering waves, whose white foam closed for a moment over them and then glittered evenly as before.

But they had scarcely settled, when the horseman reached the brink, and suddenly turning the head of his steed, sprang from the saddle, and shouting "A boat, sirrah!" plunged, like a diver after them.

The two words he had spoken recalled the presence of mind of the servant to the count. He ran with, and yards were hurriedly let down from the ships' sterns and sides, and the men rapidly launched in the row-boats, and the boats themselves well manned, and hastily thrown towards the spot where the young man had gone down. But moment after moment went by, and he appeared not, and the faces of the multitude on the hill overlook-ed with a dumb chill.

The viceroy in the yards, carefully watching every sign in the waves, instinctively formed a large circle around the spot where the horseman had sunk, and breathlessly awaited the result.

By and by, as air bubbles was descried, and the handsomely yet cautiously shaped head, and a brawny sailor, leaning over the gunwale, was ready to lift to him whatever might come up.

Another face, a loud shout from the sailors and from those on the surrounding piers rent the air, as the head of the young man, with his strong, dark brogue, lit the arches of the heavens seemed to ring; for the young man, with a wielded sheet appeared above the surface, struggling violently, with the viceroy on one arm, and holding up the other as a sign for help.

The struggle for his own and another's life must have been severe, for on being relieved of his burden, he gave a convulsive throe, as if the last spark of life, lingering vainly had been quenched, and then lay, like one dead, upon the water.

He was lifted, with the viceroy, into a boat, and borne ashore. The latter, though pale, still breathed, and evidently had become insensible ere the Arabians had reached the base of the hill. In fact, it was a question with the crowd, whether, on walking, he would be conscious of having been in the Tagus at all.

Both of the bodies were conveyed away—the one to the palace, the other to a neighboring convent, where the young man was soon restored to consciousness, when, all his own anxiety being set at rest, and pale, was permitted to go forth unattended. He anxiously inquired upon not going his way, and, relieved, he subsequently stated, and quietly made his way home.

CHAPTER II.

THE MAN IN GRAY.

As the young deliverer of the viceroy passed through the small city leading to his residence, a man, in a short cloak, jerkin, trunks and hose of a somber gray, and with a countenance in which good humor and low cunning were singularly blended, approached from the same direction, and paused awhile to carefully improve the form and situation of the building upon his mind. This accomplished, he passed on to a baker's shop at the next corner, and calling up an engaging smile, said to the baker, who was busily and industriously over the counter—

"Good evening, neighbor! I am, as you will see, the most unfortunate fellow in the world."

The baker looked at his merry visitor with a downcast eye, as if he half feared that he had come to beg, and yet was not quite confident of the truth of the supposition.

"I have an errand up the street," added the man in gray, with the same arch look as before, "particularly I have lost the exact direction and the name. It is one of the first seven houses from your shop, and I believe the second. Or does it stand the next to the first or seventh, I, for the life of me, can not tell. Now, I have added, after looking down a moment and picking up a cracker, a proceeding which he felt quite confident would open the heart of the dealer in bak-d dough, "perhaps, sweet, you can aid me."

In what way the baker, carefully dropping the coin through a narrow hole in the counter, into the money-box, did not appear.

He simply gave an unfortunate follow the name of the gentleman who lives in the first house?"

"It is a gentleman, then, you are in search of?" asked the baker.

"A gentleman, sweet—a young gentleman."

"Of a young gentleman, then," repeated the man of bread, stroking his small black beard, and thoughtfully looking sideways, and downward, as if perusing an open book on the right; perusal on the left? Very nice house. I serve her with bread."

"Ha—ha!" muttered the baker, like a man who is deliberating.

The man in gray observed him in silence and anxiety.

"No good-looking man lives in the first house," at length said the baker.

"No, sweet?" said the man in gray, in the tone of one who is very much surprised, and yet who does not without hope.

"No, neighbor," repeated the baker, confidently. "The man in the first house is a hunchback."

"I see," muttered the man in gray, who was quite satisfied that he did not see. "But the one in the second house?"

"Is the second?" asked the baker.

"In the second, sweet," repeated the man in gray, with a look of half puzzled perplexity, and half enticing.

"Ha—ha!" grunted the baker, glancing sideways again, as if on a broken piece of cake, which lay upon the floor, near the wall.

"He follow must find it hard to think!" muttered the man in gray in himself.

"Ha—ha!" grunted the baker, cautiously, but with a sly look.

"I very much suspect," muttered the man in gray, "that he has the greatest run of suitors of any house in town. Young," he continued, his dull eyes lighting up for the first time during the conversation, "Not over twenty-two," he added, probably doubting the truth of his own words.

"Liberal!" asked the man in gray, his hands in the pockets of his cloak, which he vainly failing meant for a stray morsel.

"As a princess, to those who serve her well."

"This follow must find it hard to think!" muttered the man in gray in himself.

"Ha—ha!" grunted the baker, cautiously, but with a sly look.

"A young man, sweet?"

"And handsome?"

"Handsome, neighbor."

"I can think of no man answering to that description, in the second house," said the baker, looking down, the strong shadow cast down a neighboring street, with the rapidity of flight, a solitary horseman, his hair flying far behind him, and his long, dark hair, like his short shoulder-cloak, streaming behind him, spurring to the pace of the flying Arabians, whose swiftness scarcely equalled that of his own gallant steed, who had cut off the lead of the hill together, and only a few yards were suspected between them. But those few yards were every thing. The rider buried his spurs in the flank of his steed, whose sides he urged on with shrill and exciting cries. But in vain; the few yards still stood between him and the Arabians, who, like blinds, were springing to the water.

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"Good evening, sweet! I am, as you will see, the most unfortunate fellow in the world."

The baker looked at his merry visitor with a downcast eye, as if he half feared that he had come to beg, and yet was not quite confident of the truth of the supposition.

"I have an errand up the street," added the man in gray, with the same arch look as before, particularly I have lost the exact direction and the name. It is one of the first seven houses from your shop, and I believe the second. Or does it stand the next to the first or seventh, I, for the life of me, can not tell. Now, I have added, after looking down a moment and picking up a cracker, a proceeding which he felt quite confident would open the heart of the dealer in bak-d dough, "perhaps, sweet, you can aid me."

In what way the baker, carefully dropping the coin through a narrow hole in the counter, into the money-box, did not appear.

He simply gave an unfortunate follow the name of the gentleman who lives in the first house?"

"It is a gentleman, then, you are in search of?" asked the baker.

"A gentleman, sweet—a young gentleman."

"Of a young gentleman, then," repeated the man of bread, stroking his small black beard, and thoughtfully looking sideways, and downward, as if perusing an open book on the right; perusal on the left? Very nice house. I serve her with bread."

"Ha—ha!" muttered the baker, like a man who is deliberating.

The man in gray observed him in silence and anxiety.

"No good-looking man lives in the first house," at length said the baker.

"No, sweet?" said the man in gray, in the tone of one who is very much surprised, and yet who does not without hope.

"No, neighbor," repeated the baker, confidently. "The man in the first house is a hunchback."

"I see," muttered the man in gray, who was quite satisfied that he did not see. "But the one in the second house?"

"Is the second?" asked the baker.

"In the second, sweet," repeated the man in gray, with a look of half puzzled perplexity, and half enticing.

"Ha—ha!" grunted the baker, glancing sideways again, as if on a broken piece of cake, which lay upon the floor, near the wall.

"He follow must find it hard to think!" muttered the man in gray in himself.

"Ha—ha!" grunted the baker, cautiously, but with a sly look.

"A young man, sweet?"

"And handsome?"

"Handsome, neighbor."

"I can think of no man answering to that description, in the second house," said the baker, looking down, the strong shadow cast down a neighboring street, with the rapidity of flight, a solitary horseman, his hair flying far behind him, and his long, dark hair, like his short shoulder-cloak, streaming behind him, spurring to the pace of the flying Arabians, whose swiftness scarcely equalled that of his own gallant steed, who had cut off the lead of the hill together, and only a few yards were suspected between them. But those few yards were every thing. The rider buried his spurs in the flank of his steed, whose sides he urged on with shrill and exciting cries. But in vain; the few yards still stood between him and the Arabians, who, like blinds, were springing to the water.

An instant and they were in, and, amid a cry of horror from the spell-stricken crowd above and below, horses and carriage went under beneath the glittering waves, whose white foam closed for a moment over them and then glittered evenly as before.

But they had scarcely settled, when the horseman reached the brink, and suddenly turning the head of his steed, sprang from the saddle, and shouting "A boat, sirrah!" plunged, like a diver after them.

The two words he had spoken recalled the presence of mind of the servant to the count. He ran with, and yards were hurriedly let down from the ships' sterns and sides, and the men rapidly launched in the row-boats, and the boats themselves well manned, and hastily thrown towards the spot where the young man had gone down. But moment after moment went by, and he appeared not, and the faces of the multitude on the hill overlook-ed with a dumb chill.

The viceroy in the yards, carefully watching every sign in the waves, instinctively formed a large circle around the spot where the horseman had sunk, and breathlessly awaited the result.

By and by, as air bubbles was descried, and the handsomely yet cautiously shaped head, and a brawny sailor, leaning over the gunwale, was ready to lift to him whatever might come up.

Another face, a loud shout from the sailors and from those on the surrounding piers rent the air, as the head of the young man, with his strong, dark brogue, lit the arches of the heavens seemed to ring; for the young man, with a wielded sheet appeared above the surface, struggling violently, with the viceroy on one arm, and holding up the other as a sign for help.

The struggle for his own and another's life must have been severe, for on being relieved of his burden, he gave a convulsive throe, as if the last spark of life, lingering vainly had been quenched, and then lay, like one dead, upon the water.

He was lifted, with the viceroy, into a boat, and borne ashore. The latter, though pale, still breathed, and evidently had become insensible ere the Arabians had reached the base of the hill. In fact,

it was a question with the crowd, whether, on walking, he would be conscious of having been in the Tagus at all.

Both of the bodies were conveyed away—the one to the palace, the other to a neighboring convent, where the young man was soon restored to consciousness, when, all his own anxiety being set at rest, and pale, was permitted to go forth unattended. He anxiously inquired upon not going his way, and, relieved, he subsequently stated, and quietly made his way home.

CHAPTER III.

THE DUEL.

As day broke on the following morning, the Marquis de Sorbier might have been seen leaning upon the window of a large house in the principal square of the city, and which was soon to be the scene of a bloody conflict.

The face of the man of bread wandered sideways to the piece of cake, which, after all, they never seemed to observe.

"Young men of this there, now and then," he mildly remarked, at length.

"Ha—ha!"

"Yet," said the baker; "but they don't live in the house."

"O, they don't!" added the visitor, drily; but the surname was lost upon the baker, who replied—

"No; they don't live there. Come only once a week, while the old fellow have daughters. His age," he added, in order not to be misunderstood.

"I see," said the man in gray, nursing his patience with a quiet oath which reached no ears but his own.

"I see not," continued the baker, doubtless desiring to be explicit, "the old people have money, and the daughters beauty; two things which naturally attract a good many to their house."

"I see," said the man in gray, again.

"Yes; attract a good many," said the baker. "The old gentleman is a jeweller, and daughter consequently inherit a great number of jewels—magnificences, the most valuable of whom he intends, I am told, for the one who shall first have quite a run, and plenty to pick from. But the young men don't see them," he added, as if he had been admitted to the secrets of the house. Hence, your friend must reside further up."

"Ah!" muttered the man in gray, "that was in my error."

"Be sixth it?" said the man in gray, half-doubtful, sidelong glance.

"In the sixth," said the man in gray

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good beginning; I have wasted one a long time. A ring, too! But, bah! only a plain one. Pugsley, let's see what the defunct has in the pouch on the other side? As I live! a purse, and fat as a greasy priest's out! Honest Phillip never made that with his fees, after all! A hundred golden guineas! O, won't I have a jolly drunk! No more of Burgundy less, but the pure fluor liseli! Ah, ha! I'm rich! Such velvets as I shall don! There's not a walking-mall in town but will set her cap for me! I'll pick out half a dozen, in different parts of the city, make them love to each, and on every night, when will of course regale me with the choicest delights of the harbor, and then I shall live on the fat of the land! Wit is a great thing; but without money are invaluable. A hundred golden pieces, a sash, and a ring! A pretty penny! I am in luck! I'll continue my patronage to St. Phillip, and give him a couple of candles for his generosity to me this morning! Mark! (pointing out to the deceased) I bear fine signs. Purples are entering the wood. I must be off. But before we take to our beds, Pugsley, let us sound the depths of the worthy scrivener's doublet. What—nothing? Well, then, we may be content with what we have obtained from his breeches. Stay! they are coming, which they may now, and welcome. We have the gentleman's money, and therefore can generously afford to leave them the body. Let us respectfully withdraw, and counsel for a visit to his excellency the viceroy."

CHAPTER IV.

FURTHER PROOFS OF THE MAN IS GRAT.

The daring feat of the mysterious stranger, in the preservation of the life of a citizen, was the one theme every where; that is to say, in the good city of Toledo. It created a general sensation. But, unfortunately for public gossip, nobody could tell the hero's name. One thought he looked like a certain cavalier; another that he bore a striking resemblance to Don somebody; a third, he was regarded as the Don somebody-else in place. But none could say with certainty; and therefore, for the credit of the city, better, they, by general consent, styled him "the mysterious stranger."

Throughout the city curiosity was strong; but at the palace of the viceroy it literally raged. From the sunrise bell down to the curfew bell, when, "Who is he?" and "Who can he be?" were about the only words that fell upon the ear. This was in part owing to the sanctity of the viceroy himself, who paid to the people of his city the tribute which all know were sure to follow to whoever could answer the query. But the night were away, and the morning came, and the general excitement still remained undiscovered.

At length as the dial announced the hour of noon, a stranger, evidently fresh from his toilet, and smelling of the stupifying scent which our flowers put by them who have recently emerged from a barber's, presented himself to the first porter, with a blank card.

It was the magnificent patron of the national salle—that is to say, the man who was the glittering valves, of the same color as his old shoes, thereby conclusively showing that they were with him the one great color, if not part and parcel of his individuality. In his new clothes, his slender, middle-sized figure looked more than large; and his face being clean, his bold, manly and somewhat handsome features were strikingly adapted to inspire the first porter with a proper degree of respect.

"I learn from public report," said the man in gray, "that his excellency is in great distress concerning the name and address of a gentleman who yesterday rescued his excellency from an untimely death in the Tagus."

"True, senor," replied the first porter. "His excellency, as you say, is in great need of the person, from which I should deem it both a pleasure and an honor to relieve him. Perhaps, senor," he added, somewhat excited by the sight of fees, "perhaps, senor, you will graciously enable me to do it?" Said he, with considerable art. "If so I'll, turning furiously to half a score of lackeys behind him in the hall, who, having overheard the matter, were similarly drawing near to catch the remainder. "Return to your posts. The gentleman is kindly about to communicate his information to his excellency to me alone. Back, varlets. His name, senor, senor, pray?"

"His excellency will perhaps inform you after my departure!" answered the man in gray, with a gracious smile.

The first porter blushed; the varlets grinned; and the man in gray, at a "This way, senor" from an usher, standing at the foot of a broad stairway, rose up to the second floor, which was thronged with courtly dames and cavaliers, who surveyed the new comer with a supercilious stare, which he returned with interest.

As preceded by the usher, he approached the door of the inner apartment, or audience hall, the lasting therefrom a personage whose appearance caused his blood, and every nerve in his body to stir an instant; his native impudence came again to his aid, and he passed on in the same manner as though he had been familiar with such rooms and incidents all his days.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

STRANGE DEATH WARNING.

The following story is related in a German journal:—Westphal, a clergyman of Braunsdorf, died on the 20th of February in the year 1847. Many persons intimate with the deceased allege, that the last years past he was looked forward to the 20th of February, 1847, as the day of his death. The superstitious circumstance he referred to for as follows:—He declared that, whilst he was officiating as the pastor of a secluded country village, he was aroused one night by a knocking at his door. On rising from his bed and looking out of the window which he perceived a man with a lantern in his hand. Supposing that some sick or dying person required his attendance, he hastily dressed himself and opened the door. To his question the man replied only by signs, indicating his wish that Dr. Westphal should follow him. The doctor did so; and, to his astonishment, was conducted through the churchyard, and to the front of the church-door. On the door he saw distinctly written the figures—"20th February, Westphal died Feb 20th, 1847." Whilst he stood intently gazing on this inscription his conductor disappeared. The doctor made some marks on the churchdoor, and these marks were visible next day, when he looked for them, a fact which proved to everyone him that he had not been under the influence of a dream. He communicated these circumstances to his family, to whom, for several years past, the month of February has been an interval of grief and anxiety. Whether from the effects of nervous excitement, or from whatever cause, it is impossible to determine, but Dr. Westphal expired on the day to which he had long confidently looked forward as the last of his existence — the 20th of February, 1847."

A SCENE IN A JURY-ROOM.

BY STUYVESANT COZE, JR.

I once had the extreme felicity of hearing my business is serve upon "the Jury." I plead in all manner of ways for release, but to no effect. I could not swear that I was deaf, nor blind, nor yet was compos: but I did tell them that I had already formed an opinion. They asked me if my opinion would prevent me from listening to such testimony in good faith, and rendering a verdict according to it. I replied that I knew I should weigh the evidence carefully, and be governed by it. I was then told that I would do.

The case to be tried was one of Arson—then a capital offence—and the prisoner at the bar was a very man, named Charles Ambold, whom I had known from boyhood, and who was naturally one of the finest youths of the town where he resided. He had a widowed mother, who depended upon him for support; and his circle of friends was large and choice. I was morally certain that he did not commit the crime and, hence, I am sure those who were friendly to him got me upon the panel, and had me retained.

The trial commenced, and two twelve men took our seats in the jury-box. I had a very respectable set at with me—only three were the men whom I didn't like to see there. This man was Moulton Warren. He was a dark-faced, sinister-looking fellow—at least to me. I knew him to be a very bold and coo fault. He had recently been addicted to drink, and had been known to visit disreputable houses. It was one of those houses that had been burned, and which was supposed to have been set on fire by the prisoner, and had me retained.

Now I had often tried to persuade Charles Ambold from the course he was pursuing. He had repeatedly promised me that he would reform, and had repeatedly had he broken away. I had also talked to him of his poor mother, until he had wept like a child—only there was the man within. There was a power of temptation more effective than any influence I could bring to bear, that swayed into this evil companionship, and for which his manhood was gone. One or two abandoned women had gained great power over him, and upon them he wasted much of his substance.

The first witness called by the state was sworn upon the jury—this Moulton Warren—was the one who had done more than any other to injure the unfortunate sawyer. It was Warren who had drunk with him, who had caroused with him, and who had led him away to those haunts of infamy and of vice and pollution. Why was he upon the jury? I could only account for it in one way—curiosity. Charley still supposed him to be his friend. The poor mortified heart was still ignorant of the blow that seared him. He really believed that Moulton Warren was his friend.

The trial commenced. The indictment set forth that Charles Ambold had, "with malice aforethought, and with all sorts of malice and felonious intents, set fire to a certain dwelling-house, thereby endangering the life of a human being," as I have already intimated, was a low sink of iniquity, where the abandoned of both sexes were wont to congregate; and where the proprietor of one had spent much of his time.

The usual testimony in such cases came on, and I was startled. One after another gave in their testimony, some of them were evidently under the frightened when I saw how plainly it all pointed to the prisoner as the guilty party. Several credible witnesses swore that they had heard him threaten to burn the house down; and others had heard him say distinctly that he had set the house down! Then came several witnesses—three of them prominent citizens—who gave the most damning testimony on the night of the fire.

Why should they have any motive for a prisoner's part for such a deed, it was proved upon his own admission, that he had been ill-treated there, and that he had sworn to have revenge for it. Furthermore, it was proved that he had been heard to say, that his education of soul and body preceded upon the destruction of that house. Next came the testimony of experts in fires.

The fire had been set in a back basement room, where shavings and other stuff for kindling were kept. Entrance had been effected through a back window, which had been partly pried open with a chisel knife. This chisel was found in the yard, and beneath the sash was found the blade of a knife broken off in trying to pry up the sash with the sash). This blade was recognized as belonging to the prisoner's knife! A maker of cutlery had made a knife to order for the prisoner a year previous, and he knew the blade at once, and swore to it!

But this was not all. The fire had been evidently kindled with a lucifer match, and a wax

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ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

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CHINA.

Our government appears to be a close spectator, if not an active participator, of the new combination forming against the "Flowery Land." Whatever it does, let it do no injustice to the Chinese. Western civilization can never be righteously thrust upon the East—and let it be borne in mind, that we have not given warm welcome to Celestials in our Pacific territory, and also that a great body of people in our midst are advocates of a proscriptive doctrine on the subject of religion and contempt for "the rest of mankind." With Asia, our commerce, until recently, has been scarcely worthy of notice. The great distance—from fifteen thousand to twenty thousand miles before our advent on the shores of the Pacific—between the United States and China and Japan, deterred our commercial enterprise from competing even with the British, Portuguese, Dutch and French, in a trade, rich though then far wrung annually from the Orientals by fraud, treachery and violence. But events of the past few years have vastly abridged the space between us and the East, now, bringing us near to her geographically, as it may being us commercially. Let us avoid the errors or wickedness of policy which has brought the British and Portuguese names into odium in the farthest East.

We are an enterprising and trading people, and our place in the front rank of nations depends largely upon our commerce being pushed to the verge of the globe; but it would be far better for us to trade less and stand back, than to crowd ourselves on a tide of injustice and bloodshed, such as has overflown Hindostan in the East. We should we trample on the laws and prejudices of the Chinese, more than upon those of Mohammedans. The Chinese and Japanese are not difficult of approach, except in suspected harbors, such as the two centuries past the Dutch, Portuguese and British, have too often proved themselves in their intercourse with them. Let us commend peace the Arabians, Nestorians, Parsees and Persians, had free intercourse with the Chinese, before Mohammedanism had extended its sway.

As long ago as when Dutch Admirabeen was unknown, commercially, China traded with many nations and encouraged trade, having as her Court Ambassadors from Imperial Rome. And now, while Britain is exacting a petty trade at the cannon's mouth from five or six "free ports"—being utterly excluded, as she desires from the interior—Russia enjoys a free overland trade, and the two Empires of the least freedom the South of Michigan have long held near and confined pole find relations.

Why is it?—why has it been, that the Chinese trade freely with some nations and shut the door to others? The reason is clear and simple. Arabians, Persians, and Russians, did not at the start assume that the Chinese were barbarians or effete nations, who could and might be plundered and insulted at pleasure, but acknowledged them as a powerful, honorable, and in many respects highly civilized people; just in their dealings with foreigners, and not more tenacious of their own rights and peculiarities, nor more conceited than the most enlightened Europeans. If the people have a right to be conceited, it is certainly the Chinese, who are guilt in a well-developed nationality, and in a high state of arts and learning, when the powers first-rate nations of Europe were little more than hordes of barbarians and robbers. It is not our intention, no more than half the civilization and power of the Chinese, we should prove to be any party coming to our shores to poison us, rob us, and cut our friends in case we resisted. We would not debate long about the *right to notice merchant*. Let us only convince the Asiatics that we are a just and honorable people, and not a nation of plunderers, and we shall have abundant access to their trade and confidence. Their doctrine, though held by some such men as John Quincy Adams, that nations that will not associate with us should be forced to come into the family of nations, is repugnant to the sovereignty of any and every people. Of all peoples, we should be the last to employ or practice such a doctrine—it might some day recoil upon us, should combinations be made to bear to graft her ideas and policy upon the New World.

SAVE IT.

You, young man, save it. Put it in a safe place and add to it often. We refer to the half-dime you are about to expend for a cigar. Or do you prefer to put the point of fashionably exchanging for "a drink?" Get a stout box made, and whenever you are tempted to spend your cash for a useless indulgence, drop it in and lock it up. Or, better still, get a small bank, and listen to the musical jingle. Ah! you have no idea how fast those three-cent bits, and half-dimes, and dimes, and quarters, count up. But they will soon surprise you. For a year, and then count your coin, and you will learn how much money you might have saved. And not only wasted money, but time—precious time, precious life, and formed habits of idleness and dissipation which cling to their unfortunate possessor as the fabled poisonous shirt of Nessus clung to him who once put it on. You, save your money, young man, and spend your leisure hours at home, with your mother or your sisters, and accept your wife when earned, judicious study, and instead of being a bower of weed and a drawer of water for others in your declining days, you will stand a chance of taking rank with the great, and prosperous, and honored ones of the earth.

SPRINGS OF ENTERPRISE.

Human enterprise, as well as wooden clocks, requires springs and weights to set and keep it in motion. From accidental some of its greatest and noblest displays have resulted. The gold discovery in California is an example. The current of a small cane nourished a few shining particles, and in less than a twelvemonth an almost wilderness territory, distant to many who sought it eighteen hundred miles, received with tens of thousands of dollars of every conceivable product and merchandise, while during men of all civilized nations combined for the prize of gold—a prize the most alluring known to man since the beginning of time.

What a tremendous revolution in the pursuits and thoughts of thousands—hundreds of thousands —has the revelation of that mill-race produced! What gigantic enterprise took birth and continues from a simple incident. A new direction given to commerce, a new field to industry and action, and a new path to empire. It is as but yesterday that the dwellers on the shores of the Atlantic first listened to the dazzling story of wishful riches in the western world. Only a few years, and the prospect, that feverish dreams and thirst for gold were kindled in millions of hearts; and today—despite distance, danger and suffering, despite the sacrifice of comfort, home and friends, a population from all parts of the globe is pouring into—is planted on those golden sands.

And all this mighty enterprise, flinging the sea-shore with ships, and pouring a living tide to full forests, mine on earth, reclaim the wilderness and transform it—all found hands and action in a mere chance, where would it be but for that mill-race development—that providential gold-spirit given to human ambition? It would exist—as, undoubted, it ever exists—hence in the vast, unfathomed fact below the earth's surface, which, when moulded, becomes the forge-hammer, the spade, the plough, the axe, the sword, the bell, the ball-slumbering races of South America, among whom, there is no doubt, gold is abundant, but undiscovered of, and see how enterprise can be brought back by a spring—by an accident—to the most sluggish race. And mark what the discovery of gold in California has done for golden enterprises in other regions. It has given a powerful impulse to actions to examine the Ural mountains; it has led to a successful search for gold in the sands and on the decaying capital of old gold-gorged Spain; it has sharpened the miner's pick among the hills of Virginia on the plains of Georgia and Carolina, and along the tributaries of the Mississippi.

Gold has proved a blessing to the old and cursed individuals and nations Spain lies writhing under the infliction of her riches—her colonies, once her coasts, have been desolated by it; still, crime and ruin come only from its misuse—from the worship of it as a god

LOVE.

"Loving favor, rather than silver and gold."
King Solomon.

BY MRS. L. B. SIGOURNEY.

Take back your gold, and give me love—
The earnest smile,
The heart's voice that can recognize pure
And true hearts.

Take back your silver, whereto it cleaves
It leads only to pride,
A woman's course leans on love—
Love is its life.

Take back your silver, and your gold—
Their gain is woe;
But bring me love—for love is heaven—
And they are given.

THE WIFE'S CONQUEST.

A TALE OF MYSTERY AND RETRIBUTION.

BY WILLIAM HENRY HOSKINS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1871, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.

If a daughter of poverty, clad in the coarse attire of penury, and pale with the wan cheek of suffering, but bent, and hungry and shivering at the heart, had passed by and gazed upon this opulent child of fortune and rank, they would have marvelled to see scarce glittering between her fingers with diamonds! For the poor think that to be rich is to be happy. *Vain* only woe being the need of money to buy bread—*vain* only woe being want of shelter, and raiment, and fuel. The peasant (those simple poor folk) understand why those who have all time in luxury can be unhappy. But, child of poverty, tears and sighs and heavy hearts and restless nights are not confined to restless huts and starveling tables, bare feet and ragged raiment! The spider weaves his web in the palace of kings, and the poison of the reptile of care heats the blood of the proud.

The loveliest daughter of humble poverty, who had a father's healthy love, and who was permitted to give that love in return, is happier than the rich and beautiful Isabel Sherstone, who has no wish ungratified, no desire unfulfilled! But where the heart is in chains—where the deep womanly affections are barred, and the heart cannot open freely whither it will, to seek in mate or the virgin of love—then all else is bitterness and mockery. What to Isabel were her costly, luxuried parlors, the gorgeous drapery, the noble pictures, the superb carpets, the costly furniture, the jewels in her caskets, the rich apparel in her wardrobes, the blooded horses at her command, the panelled pleasure, the train of servants, and the more gorgeous display with which her father's combined jealousy and devotion had surrounded her; when she felt that these were only the golden and jewelled bars to keep her confined to her cage—that they were but the meshes of a net cast over her by her father to bind her to himself, that he might be the only object of her affections? His prayer, for happier, she said to herself, in a low, murmuring voice, as she sat there by the sea, "should I be in the humble cottage of the island, at the foot of the mountain, with, I ought to say, more than I am with all this splendor. But gratitude to my father must make me a willing prisoner for life to his splendors. I will make the sacrifice to him! But—my poor heart must not be eager—perhaps Vivien has forgotten me, or he may—may!—love another!"

A footstep arrested her words. She was conscious of having spoken aloud, and startled she removed her chaplet hastily from her tearful face, and beheld, with surprise and shame as being caught in tears, a young man of noble air and personal stature in a few feet of her. He wore a broad-brimmed shade hat of coarse straw, and a sort of blouse in one hand he held an oar, which was yet dripping. He only the moment before stepped from a boat, and, observing the path, had discovered her as the sound of his footsteps warned her of his presence.

She quickly turned from the mossy rock on which she had been seated, and gazed upon the intruder with a wistful air and flushed face. He had not dared to retire from the stranger, when he smiled and extended his hand, saying:

"Miss Sherstone—am I yet remembered?"

"Vivien!"

"Vivien Falconer. I am delighted not to be forgotten."

"Forgotten!" she repeated, in a tone between reproof and joy, and clasped his hand. "How you have altered! Yet I should have known you."

"And I should have recognized you also, even if I had not seen you in this place when I expected to find you."

"Expected to find me *here?*" she exclaimed, blushing.

"Not exactly *here,*" he answered, gently releasing the hand she had given him, "but I hoped you were to be home to-day. I have watched the carriage road all day, and kept on a cloud of dust beyond the grove till encouraged your approach. Indeed, I saw you and your father enter the carriage. I gave you three hours, you see, to look about you, and then jumped into a boat to come over and pay my respects to you and your father. But, Miss Sherstone, it is an agreeable surprise," he added, in a tenderer tone, "to find you, gazing upon her with ardent yet tasteful admiration. " to meet with you here on this spot. This place is endeared to me by one of the brightest memories of my life."

"Need I assure you that it is to me also? But, Vivien—I mean Mr. Falconer——"

"No, no,—Vivien, Miss Sherstone, if you will not freeze me."

"On condition you drop the equally freezing Miss Sherstone."

"Most cheerfully and willingly. But——"

"But!"

"But you are a wealthy heiress—I am only the son of a poor physician. I presume too far! I ought not to forget that——"

"Do not be unnatural, Vivien! I quite despise the distinction to which you allude. We were friends as children—shall we be no more?"

"Now and always!" he answered, with a bound of his heart as he took her proffered hand.

"Then it is always. He handsomer and noble-looking you have grown."

"And what shall I say of you?"

"Nothing," she answered, with a smile.

They stood, hand held by hand, for a few moments, silent and happy.

"How is your father, Isabel?"

"As usual. How me, one word, noble Vivien: Do not speak my name in his presence, at least for a time. Forgive I may give you permission to do so by and by, but not now. I may appear guilty of duplicity, but—please do not allude to this interview in his presence. Not that—but—my father is—Isabel is, he is not well. He——"

Here she stopped full, after hesitating, and looked his full in the face. She saw by his looks that she was understood.

"I will at least now go and pay my respects to Col. Sherstone," he said, "for I am too sensible of his goodness to me for twelve years past. I owe all that makes me what I am to him."

"Go and thank him, Vivien. And for my sake, if we are to be old friends again, how will my father bless! Heed not his words, even if they seek to offend you."

"Your father, dear Isabel, can never offend me."

THE LOVERS' FATEFUL INTERVIEW.

The maiden blushed at the endearing epithet, and said:

"I will remain here. Go alone to the house, and after your interview do not return this way. But let me see you often, Vivien. I have a thousand questions to ask you about yourself and your past."

"To-morrow evening, at this hour, love?"

"Yes."

"Farewell till then!"

Vivien proceeded towards the villa, and Isabel loitered along the shore in deep meditation, until, at length, she saw him emerge from the grove with a quick and haughty tread, and draw near his boat to re-embark for the island. She hastened to intercept him, to learn what had transpired to disturb him; but he had already sprung into his boat, and was pulling towards the island. She watched his receding form until it was obscured within the twilight shadows of the grove, and then slowly returned homeward.

"To-morrow evening I shall at least learn from him what has occurred at his interview with my father," she said at, ascending the portico, she took a farewell look of the humble abode of her island lover.

CHAPTER VI.

When Vivien entered the humble abode of his foster-parents, the maternal watching eyes of Mary Falconer detected the pale cheek and troubled expression upon his fine face. Vivien without a word sat down by the door. Ambrose and Mary were eating their frugal supper, and had exchanged glances of solicitude. He was dearer to them than his own child. They were proud of him for his manly form, his courage, his scholarship and learning, with all his learning and honor, he loved them so frankly and gratefully, he did seem to be to each a boy, showing no feeling of superiority to them or their humble condition, which they knew he felt and shared with them. The lovely calm of Ambrose was dear to him as the safe shelter of his childhood.

They knew that he had taken the boat to go over and see Isabel upon her arrival from Europe, and they were well aware of the secret of his love for her; for he never made them his confidants. When they paid to him their unusual visit, when he was at school and afterwards when he was in collegehis first inquiry was after Isabel's health, and his last message was to her. And Mary Falconer had evidence enough from Isabel's betrayal of her feelings when she gave her those messages that she loved as truly as he loved.

"But you must not take it too much to heart, my son, Vivien," said Ambrose to him, as he got into the boat to come over to Cuba-land, "if she looks coldly on you. It is not always the fancies of childhood that are constant when we have grown up. Besides, she is rich and thou art not!"

When, therefore, Vivien returned cold and silent, Ambrose regarded him with sympathy; for he understood, as they believed, the workings of his heart. "The wind blows ahead, I see, and tide against you too, my boy," he said, kindly. "But cheer up ! where one can't sail before it, he can beat against it. You are too good a sailor to mind such trifling contrariety of weather."

Vivien slightly smiled, but shook his head.

"Well, she is an heiress, and you can't expect she will think of us!"

"I am sure it is not Isabel," answered Mary Falconer; who was seated by Vivien, and looking out of his hands while the other rested affectionately on his shoulder. "I know her sweet young heart is all Vivien's. She is not one who has cast this indignant cloud over noble spirits like yours."

"No, dear mother, it is not Isabel. She is still my friend—the same good, kind, true-hearted maiden she ever was. She met me as cordially as she did when we were children. But——"

"But what?" Ambrose, with some emphasis, and looking displeased.

"What could be expected, my dear friends?" said Vivien, with calmness. "I will relate to you my interview. Upon reaching the house, the fine-eyed servant took my name in his mouth as he walked full five minutes before I was invited in entered the spacious and gorgeous parlors. Col. Sherstone was reclining upon an ottoman. He glanced on me steadily for a few seconds, and then half rising to his elbow, waved his hand slightly towards a chair. I was chilled by the icy coldness. My heart, as I entered, was overflowing with gratitude for the priceless boon of education which his munificence had bestowed upon me, a nameless orphan, and I had felt as if I could not express it too warmly. But this freezing indifference—this withholding his hand after twelve years' absence from his presence—deeply pained me; for there can be no suffering greater, it seems to me, than to have gratitude treated with coldness, and deliberately and haughtily repelled.

"I did not sit down, but standing, said in an embarrassed and painful manner, 'Mr. Sherstone, I could not suffer a day to elapse, after your happy return, before hastening to thank you with all the gratitude I am capable of feeling.'

"'Sir!' stop. Not a word. I wish to hear nothing more!' he said, abruptly, and with a proud impatient gesture. 'You owe me nothing. I owe you nothing. You owed my child her life, and I gave you, a fisherman's son, the education of a gentleman! So we balance one another's accounts. Henceforth I wish to see you not more in my house. We are strangers. Philip, show this gentleman the way out!'

"I could not bear this tone and language. So I replied, perhaps haughtily,——

"'Mr. Sherstone, I did not save your child's life for reward. I was a mere boy then, and did not, as I do now, perceive that you were educating me to rid yourself of your burthen of obligation, so far as you could do, by one bounty. Never—believe, I thank you for my education; and I shall not rest until, sir, I have repaid you to the last shilling all you have paid for me! Your conduct towards me is so extraordinary that death would be preferable to life purchased with this debt-crushing against me?'

"'Sir, your education has made you forget your low birth,' he said, flushed with anger. 'Or from my house! I detest you, sir! Let not my daughter see you, nor speak to her! Philip, where is Isabel?'

"I will see, sir, if she is in the drawing-room,' he answered, going out hurriedly.

"She is, she is cold here. This fisherman will have the impertinence to speak to her as an equal if she cross his path. Sir, there is the door!'

"The proud man rose from the sofa, and sternly pointed to the open door.

"I made no reply. I could not speak. My full heart filled my throat; and it was well, perhaps, I could not give utterance to my outraged feelings; for I had promised Isabel that her father should not offend me. But I very nearly forgot my promise."

"Very nearly, dear," said Ambrose. "It is always safer to answer wisely with silence. Words are so angry, and are so word out upon the flame. Did you leave him then?"

"Yes; but I know not whether I felt more wretched to see this barrier to Isabel's friendship, or indignant to be thus ordered out from his presence. Never were words I can not give a harsher name to, rung in my ears; and I answered him not a word again. But I left him, I believe from his door like a hound, and ran here. Oh, poverty—oh, misfortune of birth! What curse is he wealth like one mother, the other father! Nay, my dear parents! I will not be ashamed of you, nor of your love. I did but say gratefully of poverty."

"Never mind Mr. Sherstone, Vivien," said Mary, kindly, and smiling at the light by her side. "Isabel loves you and——"

"Are you sure, my mother?" he asked, with animation.

"Yes. Woman's eye can read woman's heart. Isabel can never love my one else."

"I hoped—at least I was foolish enough to believe so! But what I beheld in him the grief of her estimable beauty; when I gazed on the lofty brow, and beheld with high appreciation the princely magnificence; when I compare this opulence with our poverty and our dependence, I feel rebuked that I should dare aspire to her regard. Yet when she met me so frankly, spoke to me so kindly, and assured me of her friendship, why ought I to feel thus miserable?"

"It is not so much our poverty that makes Mr. Sherstone so coldly treat you," said Ambrose, "as from a fine-spun pride; 'tis in the old blood, ing! He is afraid of you! He sees how noble and handsome you have grown, and he recollects how much you and Isabel looked of each other as children——"

"And he suppose them to sent Vivien to college," interrupted Mary Falconer, with emphasis. "Mistress Sherstone would have objected to it, I assured—and so he would now prevent renewal of your child-friendship. It was you not your poverty. My boy, we will not be cast down by the unkind notice for his daughter's hand as his enemy! He is so selfish, he would sacrifice his daughter's love, and share it with no man."

"But this freezing indifference—the manner he turned away when Isabel began to love her. Nay, rumor says he has refused her servants to speak to her, only when necessary; and he has surrounded her with the ugliest and most morose." This said Mary in an indignant tone.

"Can this be true?" asked Vivien, with amazement. The character of Mr. Sherstone now flashing upon him.

"It is known to all the country round," said Mary, vehemently.

Vivien rose and paced the hut with deep reflection. He reviewed all the past and compared it with the developments of the present. At length he said, turning to Mary and smiling cheerfully,——

"I can bear it, mother. Isabel is true to me, time may become my friend also."

"Do you see noble Isabel, Vivien," said Mary Falconer. "I know she will love you till she says!"

"Then I am happy. I will forget my interview with her father, and think only of my interview with her to-morrow evening."

"Then you are to see her again?" asked Ambrose, joyfully.

"She kindly promised to meet me to-morrow evening to talk over the past."

"Yes, I dare say she wishes to know all about you the last twelve years," said Mary.

"Yet I fear to do wrong In meeting her against Mr. Sherstone's wishes."

"Not a bit of it, young man," said the sturdy Ambrose. "The father must not be humored, if the daughter be kindly to you. He is deranged. She is his slave—his bond slave. You will do a kindness to see her; for no one else can—poor lonely girl! I doubt not you are the only friend she has, or has ever had; for she has been nursed up like a rose."

"Yes, it will be a mercy to go and see her, Vivien," said Mary, firmly. "Right is right, and wrong is wrong; and there is no excuse for a father has no right to be a gaoler to his fair daughter, to keep her from marrying, because he would have all her affections to himself."

The conversation now ceased, and Ambrose placed a little Bible on the table, and evening prayer was offered up with that air and language of dependence that proves intelligent creatures recognizing the protecting arm of a sovereign God. Vivien kneeled reverently upon the rough board floor, by the side of his foster-mother, and united his petitions with those of the humble fisherman. Night soon folded its sable curtain over the sleeping Cuba. The intellectual, handsome, aristocratic-looking Vivien slept as deeply as he would have done in a royal bed beneath a diadem's canopy. His mother had not made him proud, or he first shoes his lowly friends.

The next morning, as the following evening, Vivien launched his little boat from the cove to cross over to the island of Sherstone. Upon the lake a lamp of liquid gold, hung tremblingly in the West, and here and there the brightest stars twinkled like sparks of fire in the quarter of the heavens where the sun went down glowed with an almeshe blue, which appeared a brilliant dome of purple and gold crimson. The water was a faithful reflector of every hue of the skies, and gave back the two-fold scene of skyey splendor. He boat seemed not to float so much on the water as in the glories of the sky, and Vivien felt himself rapt from earth and gold and crimson clouds beneath. He gave himself up to the delightful task, and, resting upon his oar and reclined in his boat, gazing down on the transparent, and lightly moved by the gentle heaven far down beneath his keel, and then looking upward to those overhead, until he seemed to be suspended in eternity of space. The twilight fire and poetic in his mind kindled, and he was only aroused to the realities by the gray twilight that rapidly extinguished all the glory of the scene and surrounded him with the color twilight. He now resumed his oars, his soul filled with joy at the beauty and splendor of Nature, and from the works of creation it went upward to the Creator in adoring praise and wonder.

He was already so lulled when his boat touched the pebbly strand on the Cuba-land land. He secured it to a huge jutting rock, and leaped upon the pathway that led to the Three Oaks. Their majestic branches, heavy with foliage, cast an impenetrable shade around. He could not discern a foot of the path that was before him; but still advancing with the confidence of one who expected to find it, he, he saw none one moving there. In a moment, however, he saw a white robe, and by its dark back in sight of a man, who, springing forward, caught him by the breast, and levelled a pistol at his temple.

"Assassin! Villain and robber! Is it for this I have been out of the mire and clay, and made you a gentleman? To come by stealth and rob me of my daughter! Your complicity with her was overheard and reported to me! I am here to save you in her place. Now, sir," and here he cocked the pistol, "now, sir, your life or hers! Dare to come near this place, or speak to my child, or I will blow out your brains!"

"I can take no such oath, sir," answered Vivien, calmly and self-possessed. "Nor shall I permit you to kill me."

And with the strength of a young man contending with an old one, he caught the hand that held the weapon of death, and turned it aside from his head. The assailant overthrew discharged the pistol stone in the hope of his destruction; but the ball passed harmlessly past him.

"Go, sir! For your daughter's sake—nay, for all I owe to you—your person is sacred to me!"

"Child! You are of a poisoned!" mumbled the infuriated father; "you have over-mastered me this time; but I will find opportunity to punish your audacity. You have poisoned my child's mind; or she would not confess as she has done. Hold she leaves your presence! She, my own child, flesh of my flesh, to confess that she loves you, a low-born blind! But she shall not go unpunished who could forget a father for a stranger; and as for you, sir, I have sworn your life shall pay the forfeit of another interview with him!"

Then speaking Mr. Sherstone cast the discharged pistol which he still held in his hand into the sea, and walked away in the direction of his house.

Vivien stood amazed. All that his foster parents had said was now fully verified. Mr. Sherstone was indeed jealous of his daughter's love, and esteemed every one a foe to himself. The young man, who was the impersonation of all that was honorable and frank, felt keenly the reception Mr. Sherstone had given him. He loved Isabel, and he was sure he was believed by her. Love can always know when it is loved back again. True love doubts never on either side. The more unseen not trust to moon in the reflection of the placid lake, than heart answers to heart! Love ever has its echo, saying the same words! Then can, truly, be no true love which doubts. *True* love is made up of love answered and reciprocated! If there in doubt on one side, the doubt is *prejudice!* for there is no answering love on the other side. Vivien's love for Isabel had no doubt in it, not one drachm. It was the confidence of love requited. He saw (like the sun) his own image sent back to him from her placid bosom.

What could she do? An elopement! Isabel shall I go away and see her and seek her no more? Doubt I to (perhaps) sacrifice her happiness, if she loves me, to this strange madness of her father? Verily, he would have taken my life, if I had not been quicker than he! Isabel! She is mine. But what to ——?

He was interrupted in his soliloquy by a step at his side. Through the obscurity he detected close to him a female figure draped in white. He cried, "Isabel!"

"Yes, Vivien! I have come to say that I have heard all—heard all! Oh, my father! And I fear, he would not have attempted your life! I know not how you would have borne it! God forgive me, if I say wrongfully that he has surrounded me with spies! But only one such could have made known to him my appointment. His conduct this evening has alarmed me. I saw him take his pistol and place it in his bosom and go out. I followed him as soon as I dared to! Thank Heaven, you are safe. I was close by the tree when he fired, and the ball flew fiercely and sharp by my ear. My poor father! I love him, Vivien, but I also have another heart for——"

"For Vivien! Dare I hope?"

"Be sure! Believe! I can love only you, Vivien! I am so happy to see you so noble, and to find you love me. Now I can go with you."

"Go with me! Isabel! Is it possible?"

"Yes, Vivien! Why should I not? Is there a duplicity in my love? Is there a doubt in my heart? Is there a fickleness in my nature? Is there a falsehood in my soul? Am I not true to you? Have I not proved it? Will you not believe me? Will you not trust me? Will you not believe me? Will you not trust me? Will you not believe me? Will you not trust me

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

The following morning when Vivien rose and would have hurried in quest of Ormond, a glance from Aunt Jane checked her. She found the house of object. He could see nothing but Ormond's face. Ambrose. As Mary expressed it—"It looked as if there was no world!"

It had been decided the night before, when the three talked over the best course at Oak-land, that Vivien should go up to the city the next day to see the "fine Herd," with Ambrose, and there enter upon the study of law; for to this profession was the inclination directed. This prevented their leaving till the third morning. Vivien then took a farewell of the housekeeper and proceeded to come and see her at least every three months, as it was but twenty miles by water. She also told him to remember he had a home there. As the vessel sailed out of the cove with our hero, Aunt Jane sent the wind to carry out its own fortune, he cast his eye over towards Oak-land. It seemed to look sad and cold to him, for, though the bright sun shone upon its woods, trees and shrubs, still the night-shade has had as if some calamity overshadowed it. At this moment he saw a small skiff rowing from the land to an island called the "Sea Bird."

"It is that yellow-bird, Mark Shelton," said old grey-headed Hopper, observing it. "No good news ever follers in his wake. He's now twenty-two year of 'em's a day, and he never yet carried a friend's wages out and out; but gave glittering, about sixpence, workin' like the devil's wages to whom he may devour."

Mark Shelton, a rattle-headed, ragamuffin-looking young man, pulled up to the island and said to Vivien—

"Here's a bit paper for you! She giv' me a mighty big heap o' money to take he prishun to put it in your hands!"

This genius who so singularly turned his "a's" into his i's in speaking, then tossed a letter to land, and nodding to old Hopper, pushed off, rather away, followed by the old man's anathemas and a hillet of wood.

Vivien tore open the note and read with surprise and indignation.

"DEAR VIVIEN—We leave home in ten minutes! I know you will be sorry. Mine is indescribable. I will write you from home upon my arrival, as soon as everything could be thrown aside. I write in extreme haste, as you may well conceive. Heed not your mother's commands, but I shall forbid you to come to me now. Adieu! Adieu! Adieu! Hope and trust, dear Vivien!

"I am yours, faithfully, ORMOND."

CHAPTER VII.

When Vivien had finished reading the note which Mark Shelton handed her, she read it to Ambrose, and with quickness and emotion.

"Let me land at the Oak-land, dear father; I wish to verify the news with my own eyes! Read that, pray!"

"This is strange conduct on Mr. Sicrissac's part, Vivien. But it does not surprise me, for, he said warmly. "Let us run in shore and see, we can perhaps learn what has caused this sudden taken."

The manner of the smack was changed in a few minutes Vivien was sounding the cliffside, and on his way through the grove of oaks, where he had last parted from Ormond the night before. He found only an old house-keeper and gardener left. The house was shut up, and the servants were gone, as well as their master. From the two old folks she obtained little. They knew that he had left early, in a private carriage, with trunks, and had taken the road towards Hudson river, which was about fifteen miles from the west of Oak-land. This was all, save that the old Scotch gardener added, as Vivien gained his hand a piece of money—

"The young lady greet like a wee lame when the cold gentleman take her awa'. She even no would go, no."

Vivien turned wearied with indignation against her father. He immediately formed, or rather half-formed a spirited purpose to pursue the fugitive from this parental tyranny. But whither should he go to seek for her? He had no horse for pursuit, nor knew he in what road to pursue, for there were three roads terminating at the river, and the clergy had been three days gone.

"You had best wait with patience, Vivien," said Ambrose, "it is good time you had left the Herd. At least she is in no danger."

"I trust it is not cowardly say how for a father's tyranny may go!" he answered, as he called a row-boat on his way from the villa to the little vessel. He reached the Sea Bird, but was at a moment that it had bloomed in the air which had so recently been breathed by Ormond. A sweet sensation itself to all things, and associates itself with all things. The sloop, a yawl, a row-boat, a pebble, love makes equally valuable for its passion, and confers a value upon each. The moon which has been shining in love's eyes, is revealed in the fulfillion of a true lover, by the pebble she has cast beneath her feet.

Sadly, Vivien re-boarded, and sailed away from that spot amidst shore. He saw the sun shine on the boat, and let his eyes linger upon the scene which had been rendered a Paradise to him by the abode of the beautiful Miss Five. The trees and the roof of the villa melted into the haze of distance before he turned away his gaze.

"Cheer up, my Vivien," said Ambrose, with a smile, "there will come back your lost love."

It was evening when the Sea Bird drew near to the city, and took her place with numerous other crafts alongside one of the wharves of the city.

"Now, my dear father," said Vivien, taking leave of him, "if report has reached the city, tell mother that I will come up and see her once in a month."

"She will look for you, for you are so fair, my boy!—and I certainly love you!" "And, as if you were my own flesh and blood, my son! Your mother, I hope your own parents may be discovered!"

"I fear not!" he said. "I have been with them more than I do those who have fostered me!"

"We will be willing to assume your brotherly say," answered Ambrose, with his frank smile. "Do you not know that you have been a favorite with us from the time I first saw a prisoner, and that your father's adventure was worthy the knowledge of Argus. She has a son—a namesake and favorite boy—a brother, indeed, who misses you much, and who will not go to sea for me. My father tries to make me grave. He has twice failed in getting me ashore, in order that I may learn the art of navigating the square rig. Vivien, you will be a lawyer, and I shall be a captain—and then—"

"I'll be your first passenger!" he said, with a smile of the woman, came up to us and said, in the voice of Sarah, the cook.

"Don't do it! Go in to 'e boat!"

"I think that is the woman we saw me and with the pesta of a awful beast, caught me by the arm and dragged me to the dwelling, and locked me up. Now, my dear, I'm sure she's return she had waited out among the cargo; I much fear she is a witch!"

"Nonsense, Ambrose. All the world was to experience the monster, and confess him not to put blame on me again."

Here Vivien clenched his hands, and his eyes flashed, and he sprang to his feet with intense emotion. But he calmed himself, after a moment or two, sufficiently to resume the reading of Isabel's letter.

"I then demanded of my father if he regarded me as a prisoner. He answered that I should remain where he now is to receive a home. He then added that he had purchased this place, with half the moveables also, and that he intended to remain here, to order, as he said, to wean me from the love of the world. I then asked him if I was to be a slave. He replied that I was to be a happy woman, but he should see that I was free and clothed there. Now, my dear Vivien, it is impossible that I can write you from my father's house. I should they go beyond their present limits. Where they are going I know not. The smack which I retrieve is also to be sent away. I write you from my own room, and by stealth. We have but one hour, and one hour, and one hour. I write you with the affection of a sister. I also write with conscious danger that dwell in a sister's heart for a brother.

"Where I am

LIFE

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE

A rainbow's not among the flowers;
A baby smiling is its shrine—
The birds that greet the gleaming sheep
Of April's softly sobbing showers.

Are types of the small joys we have
Within our little world of room—
The beauty and the consolation
That our little fire-sides bloom.

Absent our feet the summers blow—
The evenings bloom in white and red—
We are the only months of living
And realize full of living seed.

Take the still, rough sea of years,
Our mingled hearts themselves do blend,—
When could our path of being be
Across the shining upper eyebrow!

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by Robert Bonner, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

THE WILD KNIGHT;

OR,

THE UNKNOWN CRUSADER.

A TALE OF GERMANY IN THE DAYS OF THE EMPIRE.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

CHAPTER XIX.

SLIPPING TO THE WILD.

At the hour of high twelve, when the great bell called the craftsmen from their labors in and about the castle, two worthy people appeared in the room of Agnes and Constance, and informed them that they were waited for in the great hall below. Without a word the maidens arose and bade the messengers lead the way. In the hall they found the Counts of Wurtemberg and of Baden. Everhard was startled by the strange, deathlike pallor upon the features of his bride. Constance trembled some, but not so Agnes. The latter seemed more like a statue of alabaster endowed with motion than like a living being. Brent she stood, her lips compressed, and her full eye painfully lustrous and burning. Her guardian watched her to see if he could detect any signs of the anguish he had feared she would experience. He was not so blind but that he saw the deep agony which was striving in that heart; but he fully believed that few would know it, for he could plainly see that she meant not to show her feelings. He sought consolation in the hope that all the pain would soon wear off. Perhaps he thought so.

Without a word the party moved to the great banquet hall, where they were joined by the priest and witnesses; and then they took their way towards the chapel.

This chapel was beside the castle wall, and between the south-western tower and the lord's dwelling. It was quite spacious, with an altar of stone, upon which was a golden crucifix, and upon the sides were seats of oak to accommodate such as were not able to stand.

When the party reached the chapel the priest at once ascended to the altar, for the host had bidden him tarry with the ceremony. As soon as the choir notes had thus entered, the artisans and menat-arms came crowding in. There was plenty of room, and all wished to see the important ceremony. Some time was occupied in arranging the numerous audience; but at length all was still, and the priest was upon the point of speaking, when a human form darkened the doorway.

Everhard turned his head, and beheld Heinrich Waldenburg, all covered with blood and dust, gasping eagerly in upon the scene.

"Ha!" cried he, hoarsely, starting back to where the armorer stood, and placing his hand upon his arm, "how now, knave? Whom have you been? Why come ye in this fashion, and with such looks?"

"I have learned home to witness the marriage, my lord," returned Heinrich, faintly as he overlooked breath would permit. "I hope I am not too late?"

"You are in ample season, shrub; but tell me where have you been?"

"Ha'n't got here, my lord. Wait mull the ceremony is performed, and then I will tell you all."

The Count seemed satisfied with the reply for the present, and without speaking further he returned to his stand in front of the altar. The priest saw the maidens head on or heard the young armorer; but it was well that they had not, for had they done so they would surely have fainted away. They knew that some one had entered, and they saw Everhard move away from their side; but as they thought it only some messenger whom he had sent upon a mission of his own.

And furthermore was this most fortunate, for when the host returned to his position he supposed the girls had seen the armorer, and he paused abruptly into their fears to see if any look of theirs betrayed a knowledge of the cause of Heinrich's absence. The first look assured him that they knew nothing at all about it. He waited only a moment a moment afterwards which he did not see. He did not see that Heinrich immediately left the chapel—and soon a few others followed him return out.

Shortly after Everhard resumed his place the priest arose and moved forward. A few words of opening ceremony were spoken, and then the little old knight whose name was White took Ronald of Baden and already charged.

"He gives this maiden away to be the wife of this man?" he asked.

"I do," answered Ronald. "I am her guardian, and do act in legal concert with the will of her deceased father. I give her hand this away, holy father."

"And who bestows the hand of this fair maiden?" the priest resumed, turning to Constance, whose hand Everhard took at he spoke.

"I do, father," answered Baldric. "I am lord of Baden, and she is a member of my house. I give her hand this away."

"Then," resumed the priest, "before God and man I now proclaim that I am about to make husband and wife of the Count Everhard of Wurtemberg and the Lady Constance of Baden; and also that as the same long time since holy relation will be consummated between Count Rudolf of Baden and the Lady Agnes of Luxemburg. Such seemeth to be just and proper. And now, if any within the sound of my voice, having the fear of God, and the love of these good people, before his eyes, knoweth of just cause why these ceremonies should not proceed let him now speak, or forever hereafter hold his peace?"

Triumphantly erect stood Rudolf of Baden, and the fire of his demon flashed from his eye.

Stern, dark, and unmoved stood the Wild Knight of Wurtemberg, calmly awaiting the progress of the ceremony.

But Agnes and Constance were falling fast!

Until this moment there had been set inward whispering that some good angel of fair might interfere. The words came upon them like a knell, for who would dare to speak there?

"Do on," uttered Rudolf, impatiently.

"If none speak," said the priest, glancing his eyes over the assembly, "we will go on."

"Be sure, good father, none will speak against the lord of Wurtemberg!" spoke the host, sternly.

But hark! What means that heavy tramp!—that clang of steel, that the rattling of small-sword-hands against the cuisines of armed knights?

"Hold!" spoke a deep, powerful voice, at the door of the chapel, and in the same moment the way was darkened by human forms. "Hold!" repeated the startling presence, striding up the solemn aisle. "*I forbid the consecration of that shrine!*"

It a moment more the towering form of the BLACK KNIGHT stood erect before the sacred altar. Slowly he raised the shoe of his helm and gazed around upon the astonished multitude!

The effect was electric. Agnes and Constance uttered a simultaneous cry, and both sank back upon the seats which had been prepared for them during the after service. The rich blood mounted to Agnes's face, and as it thrust back again upon her heart it bore her more deadly pale than before. She pressed her hand hard upon her heart, for its beatings were painful.

Upon Everhard and Rudolf the effect was vastly different. The former showed nothing but the full bright and gazed proudly, but yet wonderingly, upon the face of the intruder. There was no sign of fear in his look, for he could conceive of no possible way in which he was to be thwarted. But Rudolf of Baden was fear-stricken with faintness. He grasped the railing by his side for support, and in a hollow tone gasped his utterance:

"Go on, sir priest. This is but a poor maniac! Go on!"

But the priest noticed not the trembling Count. Turning to the Black Knight, he said,—

"Sir knight, we did suppose some for this interference?"

"I am a holy father," returned the Unknown Crusader, solemnly and deeply. "I have both a good name and the presentiment of truth."

"Ha!" uttered Everhard, stung by this last remark. "Dares he even pass a good name here?"

"But who are ye that have forbid our ceremonies?" the priest resumed.

In an instant every eye was fixed on the strange Unknown, and a pin could have been heard to drop. Everhard looked to Heinrich Waldenburg at the door, and he saw that it was crowded by armed men, and he saw that Heinrich was standing by. His eye he noticed that the court-yard was beset with with stout soldiers! He would have spoken further, and sounded the warning cry; but the Black Knight at that moment opened his lips.

"Holy father," the latter solemnly said, "you must let me tell the simple story of how and why I am here. If the knight's life to make any impression on the wild Count Everhard himself watching him with breathless interest, and upon the one who seemed opposed to this; but he was dumb.

"Go on, my son," said the priest. "I will know the cause of thy comments, and you may tell it in your own way."

"Thanks, father," spoke the Unknown. A moment he gazed over the multitude before him, and then he resumed: "I have in the city of Augsburg a—love sons and a daughter. The daughter was the youngest. One fatal morning she was found beloved. Our mother died within a month after our sister was born, and in one year after that our father was taken away. I was left with the two orphans of age; my brother eight, and my sister only one. Our father left with them in the hands of trusty knights until I should become old enough to be invested with my knighthood. In this I was. I was twelve years of age, my brother began to show signs of moroseness and strangeness of conduct. I was only eight years old, and was the sole delight of May—that my brother and self accompanied by a party of our father's knights, starting on pedition into the mountain forest. In the best of the day we stayed away from the rest of the party, and at length found ourselves upon the brow of a steep precipice. The way I had ascended had been easy and gradual; but once at the top I found

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

DEATH.

(To a Friend.)

BY C. D. STUART.

And thou art stricken, thou, my friend!
That lance that has found us sought
The darkness of thy heartwood,
And robbed the roots of all its strength.
Great was, indeed, the power of man
Could heal the grief, or ease the pain,
That should have been the friend that died,
Boldly and frank with life again.

The strength! I always thought those arms
That flank, like an unbowed beast,
Should remain our main and constant stay,
And good our hearths and abode ever.
For none, in some shaded forest
Where leaves fruits and flowers abound,
Tempting the hollow bole and crest
Into the coldness of the ground.

My heart did beat within me fast,
And murmurs ran along my tongue,
And eyes more seeded to observe
Whatever one who spared not all our young
And all there I had encountered
Had I not thought some sense still
Into human ears and eyes, if blessed,
Heaven, thus, giving, to be blessed.

And when my Ride him looked up,
Bravely, through all the mighty leaves,
I said, proclaim the tidings
May be the working of a charm;
For a single look and touch of his,
Some sense of the whole tree will see him,
Robust, luxurious and perfect tree,
Like ourselves, and shaken and overborne.

And whispering angels softly said,
In tones most tenderly and kind,
"Thou shalt not tell him, for he knows.
The original sin and guilt of the child—
And when the mother's breast grew pale
And lip and cheek of blood were drained
Under the wounds pushed their streets,
It was the mother that died."

These bade go away, have heaped the fruit;
These forages go over and over the ground
Are ruby to the tongues not,
Which cannot reach their brighter bloom;
Their bitters is chime that know no sight,
Where fields and streams, and the sun
And time is but the flow of light,
Are changing and through the air.

No lingering at one sudden page,
Within that luminous and living leaves,
Where all have sudden made of breeze,
And gatherers of the sudden sun—
With feathers from that starry host,
Who writes and sing the everywhere
When the young Birch, *sunning, now*
Names and fall to copy your fan.

April, 1857.

FOREST SKETCHES---NO. 21.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

BY COL. WALTER D. DENAP.

BATTLE WITH A WILD HOG.

One day, while in the upland woods, at some distance from the plantation, I was sure that I saw some hogs about a half-a-mile from me. They were large, gaunt fellows, and seemed to be of a brown color. What I could be after, I asked Uncle Abner if there were any hogs in the forest. He said there were quite a number, and at least, he supposed there were. Hogs were not turned out there as in some sections where there are no planters, but several of the planters had lost animals of that kind, and it was supposed that they had gone off into the woods and were there. Uncle Abner, as some of both sexes had escaped.

"But will it do to shoot them?" I asked.

"Certainly," my host replied. "I own 'em as much as anybody does; and I have my full permission to shoot as many as you please."

I thanked him, and at the same time assured him that if the opportunity widely declared itself I should avail myself of his offer.

Several days after this we started out on a pigeon hunt. When we reached the woods where the pigeons were to be found we separated, and agreed to meet again as soon as the sun should touch the tree-tops. Ben and myself kept together for some time, and we had not walked half-a-mile Harris and Ned Hobson that we would bring home the most pigeons. Ned would certainly not be should beat; but Ben laughed at him and told him to wait.

Ere long we had an excellent shot. Ben and I had double-barrelled fowling-pieces—and pretty heavy ones at that. Ben fired into the flock, even for such game. Nothing could have induced me. God to shoot one of these delicate birds as they were only for hope. They're for them as can't aim sure—Sam's words a good deal like the breakside of a cabin to shoot at," he expressed it. However, pigeons are either found in flocks; or, at least, in company than others, and hence a shot or gun will frequently do great execution.

For instance: That time Ben and I were on the present occasion was a remarkable one. As we crept along together we espied a fluttering among the leaves of a tree not far off, and upon coming nearer we saw that one of the trees—a large black oak—was full of wild pigeons. We stopped and cocked our pieces—setting both hammers back—and then scrambled for a shot. We would tire together, I at the top of the tree, and he near the bottom; and, as the hours on the birds took wing, we were to let fly our second charges as it came handy. We did this, and the result was beyond our most sanguine expectations. For some fifteen minutes we were busily engaged in scouring the fluttering birds, and when we had finished them all we could see we had quite a pile. It seemed as though nearly every bird had fallen and left a pigeon.

Half-an-hour after this we started a large flock which divided itself and flew in different directions. Ben had loaded his fowling-piece first, while I started after the other. I knew that those which I followed would settle down at no great distance, and I ran after them at quite a respectable trot. I had sight of them at last, and they supposed they had alighted; so when I came near the spot where I thought they might be, I became careful and crept along cautiously and stealthily.

Finally I detected a motion amid the foliage of a tall tree to my right, and very soon I saw a pigeon drop from one branch to another. I glided slowly to the under part of the tree, and when near enough, I drew back both hammers and brought the gun to my shoulder. I discharged first from the right barrel; and then from the left. I saw that I took them on the wing. They fell and fluttered in all directions. A large hawk waved and began to gather up such as were only wounded first. I had cleared up the open space beneath the tree, when I heard a fluttering behind some bushes close at hand. I started quickly around in that direction, and was not a little surprised on finding half-a-dozen pigeons upon the ground, and a large hog—a wild boar—just in the act of seizing one.

Now the idea of being afraid of a hog had never entered my head. I supposed if I turned upon him he would take off in case. And I did so. I cried out to him to be off, and swung my gun at him; but he took no further notice of me than to look up, and then resume his court upon the birds. This nettled me, and I kicked at him. He raised his head, and, with a sharp, angry grunt, snapped his teeth at me. This maddened me, and I raised the breech of my gun and gave him a severe blow upon the tip of the snout. It hurt him considerably, as I could tell by the manner in which he held down his head and shook it.

"Now you old, yes miserable brute, you!" I cried, bidding my gun ready for another blow.

As I spoke the animal raised his head and looked at me.

"Come—be off out of this!" I repeated, aiming another blow at his snout.

But I missed my mark. As my gun fell short, it caught and ballooned; but he kept on, and his first effort was to seize me by the leg. His teeth did not reach my flesh, however; and so my leggings were quite old the stuff torn out, and I broke away, leaving a strip of cloth hanging from the brute's mouth.

As I now looked upon him, sharp tusks I became alarmed. I remembered what the wild hog was. Even domesticated beasts, when allowed to attain the age of years, were known to be very fierce out at times; and from this what might I expect from such a huge boar wholly wild, and that at that? As he came at me again I turned and ran. At the first tree I stopped and dodged behind it. For a moment the boar stopped and grazed at me. He looked ugly and savage, and I could see very plainly that he meant to give me battle.

Pretty soon he started around the tree, but I moved quickly enough to keep out of his way. Around the large trunk I went, and around he went after me. I remembered the chase of the bear in Texas, and I found that I was not half so certainly kept out of this animal's way as on that I did out of the grizzly's. And I found myself mistaken. The boar could run in a smaller circle, and he was the second more savage and frantic with rage than the bear had been.

As soon as this hour stopped, which he did after running around some dozen times, I cast my eyes about to see if there was a tree at hand which I could climb. I saw one at the distance of about thirty yards. It was a hickory, and the limbs were low enough to be reached easily. That was the nearest one with limbs low enough for my purpose. Could I reach it? The brute could run much faster than I could, but I hoped I might be able to gain a fair start in advance.

At last the boar gave a long towards me, brushing the tree with his side, and snapping his jaws. I took together with all the force of my body, I was startled, but I regained myself quickly, and then started. The boar had hoped in the opposite direction from the hickory I had selected, and, fearing that I might not have a better opportunity, I gathered myself for a struggle for the tree and set out for the place. I ran swiftly, but I heard the footsteps of my terrible enemy close behind me. I strained every nerve—I ran as I surely never ran before—and I reached the tree, and I started to turn my head—I reached up and caught a limb —I gathered my remaining energies for a spring, and was just in the act of bounding from the earth when I felt a grip upon my boot-top. I tried to pull myself up but I could not. I felt the tusk, it was broken, and with a drop, frightened cry, I was pulled back upon the green sward. I staggered an instant—struggled with all my powers—and then, while the cry for help broke from my lips in a wild despair, I felt upon my throat the hot breath of the brute.

My first impulse was to leap to my feet again, but I set myself upon my hands and knees. In the effort I felt the hogs snout under my left side, and on the next instant I was tossed over upon my back. I now opened my eyes, and I saw that the brute was looking, and with a deep